



The Koala

University of California, San Diego Franchise

Volume 55, Issue 1

October 9, 2000

"Directly reflecting the UCSD Zeitgeist since 1982"

HEY KIDS! ARE YOU READY FOR...

PARTIES?

BOOZE?

HEAVY METAL?



SEX?



ANARCHY?



UNCONTROLLABLE PROJECTILE VOMITING?

THEN YOU SHOULDA GONE TO STATE!

What's Inside:

MC Hammer • People Getting Singled Out and Ridiculed For Their Beliefs (Among Other Things) • Threatening Fan Mail • Even More Threatening Replies to Threatening Fan Mail • FREE POSTER • did we mention a FREE POSTER • also there's a FREE POSTER

Your Pathetic Letters to the Editor

To: editor@thekoala.org
dear **[sic]** editor,
I was just shown the article in the latest koala **[sic]** which totally bashed the mormons and our beliefs. i **[sic]** personally am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (mormons for sort **[sic]**), and i **[sic]** was completely abhorred that something like this would ever be printed in a college news paper **[sic]**, especially one that is distributed campus wide **[sic]**. now **[sic]**, it's one thing to bash on religion in general or an unpopular issue (like abortion or cops), but to single out **[sic]** group of people and completely bash them is just not cool at all. i **[sic]** am sorry that i **[sic]** would even have to write this to ao **[sic]** group of people who are obviously very intellectual, or else you wouldnt **[sic]** be here. i **[sic]** just wounder **[sic]** why you would want do **[sic]** thrash on my religion in such a manner as this. **[sic]** think **[sic]** you could tell me why? thanks **[sic]**
sincerely,
disgusted reader

Dear Aaron Clark,
Thank you for your interest in our organization. However, your letter contained numerous stylistic and grammatical errors. In the interest of preventing future embarrassment to you, we would like to present you with a corrected version of your letter for later reference:

Dear Editor,
I was just shown the article in the latest issue of that bastion of campus hilarity and sex appeal, The Koala, which thoroughly belittled the Mormons and our beliefs. I personally am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Which any common fool colloquially refers to as the Mormons in the interest of brevity). I was completely abhorred that something of such low moral fiber would ever be printed in a college newspaper, given that all college publications are distributed campus-wide. It is one thing to castigate religion in general or protest an unpopular issue, such as abortion rights or police behavior. However, to single out a specific group of people for ridicule is simply beneath the standards of collegiate journalism. I am vexed by the need to write a letter to a group of people who are clearly intellectual, given the standards of admission at this fine institution. I am perplexed as to why one would desire to attack my religion in such a manner as this. Might I trouble you for an explanation?
Cheers,
Disgusted Reader

Hopefully this reference will aid you in your future literary endeavours.
-Ed.

To: editor@thekoala.org
I didn't realize The Koala came online. Jonny not only has tears in his eyes, but reminisces about the bullshit years at UCSD (which culminated in dec '97). You must

publish this letter in your first back-to-school issue and let the people know that Jonny blesses the Koala.

Jonny Ganga

Dear Jonny Ganga-
Thank you for your support. As you can see, your letter indeed appears in our first back-to-school issue, so please call off any retaliatory actions you may have been planning.
Thank you,
-Ed.

To: editor@thekoala.org
Thank you for your request for information / samples of Dansac ostomy products.
Although the response to our offer for free samples has been overwhelming, we hope to be able to fulfil your request shortly.

If you have an ileostomy or colostomy and wanted a sample of an appropriate Dansac appliance, please make sure that you in your request included specific information on what appliance you are presently using (what brand and product number(s)) and your stoma size. You indicated that your stoma size was '6' - could you please be more specific? Even if you are using a cut-to-fit wafer, the approximate size of your stoma will help us determine what Ring size to send you. Unfortunately we do not carry any products for urostomy (no pouches with taps, 'spouts' or drainage adapters), but please try www.UOA.org and / or the catalog stores listed above for more information.

This is a 'store' for 'individual patients' only - its purpose is to give people using ostomy appliances, but previously unfamiliar with the Dansac ileostomy / colostomy products, a chance to try them out. As the response to our offer for free samples has been overwhelming, your request could, unfortunately, at times be delayed (many of the requests also seem to be from people without ostomies, which has substantially slowed down our response time).

If you are experiencing problems with the appliance you are presently using and your request is very urgent, please call Customer Service at 1-800-699-4232.
Regards,
Customer Service
Incutech Inc.

Dear Dansac,
You guys are full of shit.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
-Ed.

The Ed-Box is Over Here Now.

By Ethan



Greetings, dear readers. This being the first issue of the 2000-2001 scholastic year, I'd like to take a moment to welcome you all back from summer. I sincerely hope that all of your summer nights were jam-packed with old friends, keg stands, unprotected anonymous oral sex and sheer, brazen jaywalking. I know mine were.
Oh, and to all of you freshmen who are reading The Koala for the first time: welcome to UCSD. I hope you make the most of all of the wonderful opportunities you will be presented with here. Also, three days from now, when you realize that UCSD completely sucks and the only redeeming thing on campus is The Koala, feel free to stop by. If you're funny. Or if you're an attractive, impressionable young woman in search of adventure, danger, mystery and sex. Lots and lots of sex.

And now feast your eyes on 7.25 inches of rock-hard

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"Go ahead, measure it."

Lé **LISTS**
trés chic.

Top Five Ways To Start A Conversation With Your Girlfriend's Dad:

- 1. "Is your wife a screamer too?"
- 2. "Don't worry--after my third kid I started using protection."
- 3. "After the rape conviction I had plenty of time to write your daughter those letters."
- 4. "Has she made it back from the abortion clinic yet?"
- 5. "Did you ever have sex with one too many under aged girls when you were my age?"

Top Five Reasons I Want a Woman President:

- 1. Only have to pay her 3/4 of what the other Presidents made.
- 2. Possibility of a striptease might increase State of the Union ratings.
- 3. Get to lay off the White House chef.
- 4. I've always secretly believed there is no god.
- 5. Maybe four years at a full time job could get her to shut up about childbirth.

Top Five Things To Do While Studying For Finals:

- 1. Nothing; you'll probably fail anyway.
- 2. Hump the o-chem TA hoping she'll blurt out an exam question in the ecstasy of it all.
- 3. Drink a Mickey's for every page of notes reviewed.
- 4. Browse the internet for suitable porn to leave as wallpaper on every AP&M basement computer lab terminal.
- 5. Bitch and complain about how the last Koala lists sucked dick.

Top Five Ways to Explain to Your Sorority Sisters Why You Were Sucking Your Professor's Cock:

- 1. "You should of seen the size of that thing!"
- 2. "He made Tommy Lee look like a tweleve year old boy!"
- 3. "For a 79 year old man, he had great stamina."
- 4&5. "When he took out his dentures he could go like there was no tommorrow!"

Top Five Cures for a Hangover:

- 1. In-N-Out.
- 2. Vodka Martini [no lie].
- 3. A big glass of water, 2 Advil and a fat spliff.
- 4. A nice, sloppy blow job.
- 5. Trying to find your pants before her dad comes home from church.

Top Five Places On Campus to Get Your Hands on a Sack:

- 1. The place where that guy sleeps in the bushes by the VA hospital.
- 2. The loading dock behind Plaza Cafe
- 3. The Che Cafe (but you knew that already)
- 4. Top drawer on the left inVice Chancellor Watson's desk.
- 5. York Hall, South side, 1st floor, men's bathroom glory hole.

Top Five Things I Learned From Watching "Survivor:"

- 1. Never let go of the pole!
- 2. Fat, naked fags will do anything for a million dollars.
- 3. Never trust rafting guides; they're only in it for the money!
- 4. Snakes may eat rats, but there ain't nuthin' scarier than a truck driver scorned.
- 5. There's nothing better to do in San Diego in the summer than watch 16 high-falootin' American narcissists bitch and complain about living on a tropical island for free.

Top Five Mutants That Should Have Been in the X-Men Movie:

- 1. Colostomizor
- 2. The Human Catheter
- 3. Lactator-X
- 4. Morning Mouth
- 5. Crimson Penetrator

Top Five Things About Riding The Bus:

- 1. No parking hassles means more time to enjoy your Beerio's.
- 2. You can score 'Luudes while simultaneously cramming for your Psych 1 midterm
- 3. You can tell all of your friends back in Bel Air about the time you went "slumming."
- 4. The mental patients don't seem to care when you skip showering.
- 5. Nothing's cool about riding the fucking bus, don't ever ride it cause everything about it sucks hard and I mean it. Remember that.

Top Five Lies Your Orientation Leader Told You:

- 1. "There are PLENTY of fun things to do at UCSD that don't involve alcohol!"
- 2. "I'm not going to have sex with you."
- 3. "The closets are not big enough to sustain a profitable marijuana crop."
- 4. "Smoking is prohibited in the dorms."
- 5. "Your happiness is Res-Life's top priority."

Top Two Signs the Republican National Convention was More Inclusive This Year:

- 1. The Compton / Long Beach / Inglewood delegation got to sit in front.
- 2. Cheney was wearing a pink tie -- and you know what THAT means.

Top Five Slogans for Bush/Cheney 2000:

- 1. "The Younger Bush is Even Better!"
- 2. "Bush + Dick; Isn't That What Everyone Really Wants?"
- 3. "What This Country REALLY Needs Is Some Fresh Bush."
- 4. "How Many OTHER Dicks Could Handle A Quadruple Bypass?"
- 5. "The Koala Will Publish Four Entire Years of Bush & Dick Jokes If We Win."

Top 5 Reasons Why Cobra Commander is the Real Slim Shady:

- 1. Two Words: Trouble Bubbles!
- 2. He admits to doing it all for the nookie.

- 3. He was the first to promote a world-wide West Side.
- 4. He bakes rhymes like cake.
- 5. He actually stood up.

Top Four Things "Hand-Job Barbie" Says:

- 1. "If you'd get me that Malibu House, I'd change my first name to 'Blow'."
- 2. "For the last time, NO!"
- 3. "Since my break-up with Ken, I've had a fear of intimacy."
- 4. "You're out of tissues? These stains will never come out of my convertible."

Top Five Reasons To Start Smoking:

- 1. Smoking while you pee makes you feel like a cowboy.
- 2. Chicks who smoke put out. THEIR CIGARETTES!! Ha!
- 3. "Don't fuck with me, asswipe."just doesn't sound that impressive while you're chewing Wrigley's.
- 4. Committing slow, painful suicide has never tasted so smooth.
- 5. Just to spite those smug assholes who came up with that "Daily dose of Truth" ad campaign shit.

Top One WB Sitcom Punchline:

- 1. Black people drive like this, white people drive like this!

Top Ten Sure-Fire Ways to Repel Women You Like:

- 1. Tell them that they turn you on.
- 2. Ask them for a smoke.
- 3. Propose marriage.
- 4. Tell them the truth about your grades.
- 5. Put your hand on their thigh during lecture.
- 6. Show them the article you wrote for The Koala.
- 7. Call them when you are drunk and ask them to come over to "bang" you.
- 8. Invite them over to see Faces of Death part 2.
- 9. Get cigarette ashes in their underwear drawer.
- 10. Show them the cool new porno you just got on the internet.

Top Five Places To Find A Pubic Hair:

- 1. Around your pee-pee.
- 2. In Grandma's Jello mold
- 3. Your roommate's comb (The one you use to comb your ball hair).
- 4. Between your teeth.
- 5. France.

Top Five Signs The Ninja You Are Fighting Is Gay:

- 1. Doesn't need hands to apply his "choke hold."
- 2. You've got a nunchuck shoved up your ass.
- 3. He throws pink triangle ninja stars.
- 4. Wears a ninja suit from Abercrombie.
- 5. Keeps asking you if you think you can "take him."

Hey Motherfucker!
Submit lists ONLINE
(Ooh! Fancy!) at:
www.thekoala.org

Chancellor Dynes Personally Inspects Incoming Freshman Class

Many Found To Be “Naughty”



Ask any freshman girl what her favorite part of Welcome Week was and you’ll hear a unanimous response: The Chancellor’s Personal Inspection. The freshman inspection is one of UCSD’s oldest and most revered traditions, down to the Eucalyptus Paddle, cut from the first eucalytpus tree to grow on campus. Although anywhere from 70 to 85% of the female freshman class is found to be “naughty” each year and subjected to a lengthy spanking and name-calling session, the practice remains wildy popular with students and parents alike. Said Mary-Jane Bonghitt, Muir freshman, “It was, like, SO cool to get to meet the Chancellor in person my first night here! And with his stern discipline and gentlemanly demeanor, he TOTALLY provided the father-figure I’ve been looking for here at UCSD. Thank you, Master.”

FREEDOM!!!

With Assholius Maximus, Freelance Assailant

What do you think of when you think of your future? More than likely, your future identity is characterized by some kind of vocational description. In simpler terms, you are planning to get a job. Jobs are a funny thing. Everyone wants one, but they all suck.

In spite of all of this, a large majority of us will end up looking for a job. At this job, you will face many important decisions. When the boss tells you something, you have to make a decision. Do you say what you are supposed to say to protect my job security or do you say what you really want? Well, if your car needs tires and you want to take chicks out on dates the answer is simple. However, for every miserable utterance of the oppressed, there exists in Platonic space the equivalent counter-statement. This is the voice of freedom. So, for those of you who have been there, and those of you who are going there, here is a list of the most common things said to bosses and the things that should have been said instead.

THE BOSS: That new-fangled system of yours may seem good to you now, but there is a reason we have been doing it the old way for so long. So why don't you put

things back the way they were.

YOUR RESPONSE: I am sorry. I didn't mean to disrupt the normal flow of things.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: You got a problem with saving time and resources? Why don't you kiss my ass, dickhead!

THE BOSS: Friday is going to be a paid day off with mandatory attendance at the company picnic where we will have some fun. Be sure to bring your loved ones to participate in the three-legged race.

YOUR RESPONSE: Yes sir. I love the three-legged race!

FREEDOM RESPONSE: Fuck you buddy! I would rather have molten glass poured into my rectum than attend that shit!

THE BOSS: I don't mind if you want to play your radio at work. But you will have to put it on KYXY so that everyone can enjoy it.

YOUR RESPONSE: Yes sir. I want to make the workplace a nice experience for everyone.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: Fuck you buddy! Nobody wants to listen to that shit!

THE BOSS: I allow you to take classes while you work here, but I will only continue to allow it as long as you keep your responsibilities here your top priority.

YOUR RESPONSE: Yes sir. I will make every effort to make sure that nothing interferes with my productivity.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: Up yours, shithead! Do you think I

want to work in this fucking dump forever?

THE BOSS: I am sorry, but that Sports Illustrated swimsuit calendar is inappropriate for the workplace.

YOUR RESPONSE: I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: What the fuck are you talking about? Everybody loves hot chicks!

THE BOSS: I am sorry, I am going to have to deny your request for vacation this December. We are already going to be very shortanded and we need every one here we can get.

YOUR RESPONSE: Yes sir, I understand.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: What the hell do you mean by “we”? I sure as hell don't need anyone here in December! By the way, Mr. Shit-For-Brains, maybe if you hadn't given everyone else vacation then you wouldn't be shortanded!

THE BOSS: This report is missing a lot of key information. You should know that I expect more from you. I want you to have a revised version on my desk tomorrow morning.

YOUR RESPONSE: I am sorry about that Sir. I'll get right on it.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: What the fuck are you talking about? You said you wanted a summary! Why don't you kiss my fucking ass, dickhead!

THE BOSS: I was reviewing the office supplies requisition records, and it seems to me that we are

using up too many paper clips and post-it notes. I just want to remind everyone that these supplies are not for your personal use.

YOUR RESPONSE: Yes sir, I understand. If I see anyone misusing company supplies I'll be sure to remind them myself.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: Hey, Mr. Cock-Bite! Haven't you got anything better to be worried about? Why don't you kiss my fucking ass, dickhead!

THE BOSS: We don't have enough work to keep everyone busy today. So, I am going to loan you to the janitorial department for the day. They are short handed and will appreciate your support.

YOUR RESPONSE: Yes sir. I like those guys and I enjoy finding new ways to support the company!

FREEDOM RESPONSE: What the fuck are you talking about, asshole? Why don't you just come right out and tell me you want me to take a hike, you chickenshit bastard?

THE BOSS: You are stacking all those boxes wrong. Do you see how they are starting to lean to the side like that. Do you need me to come in there and show you how to stack boxes?

YOUR RESPONSE: No sir, that won't be necessary. I was just about to take them out and start over again.

FREEDOM RESPONSE: These boxes are soft and they are crushing under their own weight, fuckhead! It doesn't matter how I stack them, they will not stand up straight, fucker!

HEY KIDS!



DO YOU:

A) LIKE TO PARTY?

B) LIKE BILLIARDS?

C) MASTURBATE?

If you answered “yes” to any of the above, then www.thekoala.org may be for you!

How to Score Free Drinks

With Scootak One



The question has plagued the human race for ages: I'm broke, no cash whatsoever, not a nickel to my name, but I still want to get fucked up. What do I do? No, don't go huffing fumes or drinking cleaning alcohol. Just use your brain and find ways to come up on sum drank without spending any cash. It's easy, just follow some of the tips below:

-If you're in a bar and your wallet is empty there is no reason to fret. Simply grab the nearest tray or large plate and cruise around, picking up full beers and cocktails off of the tables of unsuspecting patrons and placing them on a tray like a bonafide waiter / waitress. Confidence is key, and

choosing the drunkest and most oblivious victim is important. However, be careful to choose your victims wisely, as two-hundred-fifty-pound dudes in muscle T's often get upset when people swipe their drinks.

-Cruise up into a frat party, telling the guys that you're a fellow member from Ball State in northern Idaho. Make up some bullshit about how cool it is to meet the dorks there and help yourself to all the free beers you can drink. That is if by free, you don't count the nasal penetration and train sodomy that will be carried out to prove your commitment to the "brotherhood."

-Make a woundie cocktail out of all of the wounded soldiers abandoned on the battlefield. Make your way around the party, picking up the various leftover drinks that couldn't be finished for whatever reason. Pour them all together into the blender with a handul of ice and voila!

-There's always lines of Ajax or to ease the pain. It may burn a bit but it's worth it.



How to Score Free Chicks

With Percival Terwilliger

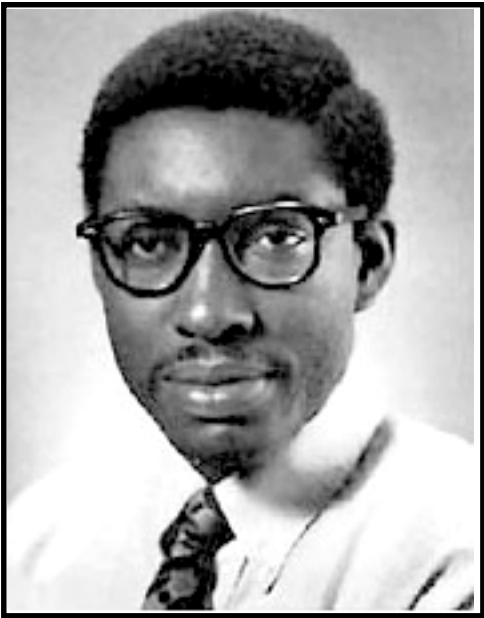


So you've finally made it to the promised land: college. The land where the easy chicks flow like the beer, and the beer flows like water. You're ready to break out of your sexually-repressed high school persona and start fresh with a new you; one who gets laid constantly. However, you're probably realizing that scoring hotties at UCSD is not as easy as Animal House and Revenge of the Nerds made it seem. What are you to do? Well, fret not, young Cassanova, for The Koala has arrived to deliver you from your celibate sorrows. Simply apply the following easy-to-use pick-up lines that we, the illustrious Koala Staff,

have culled from our collective 34 years of college-chick-scoring experience:

1. "So, what college do you go to?" Girls are often as excited as you are to be attending college, so this is a perfect subject to break the ice. Follow up line: "Yeah <name of cafeteria> TOTALLY sucks!"
2. "You know, you look just like my girlfriend from high school." While this line might seem like a bad move due to its connotations of commitment, it's actually an excellent pity-play, as it advertizes both your vulnerability and openness to commitment. Chicks dig that kinda shit.
3. "You have a single room? Wow, I've never seen what a single room looks like before!" Self explanatory.
4. "Do you like Vodka?" We all know the REAL secret to getting laid at college: alcohol. Let's face it, what girl in her right mind is going to want to get buck wild with your pimply, Chem6A-failing ass? So take the next logical step and get them OUT of their right minds. Be sure to keep plenty of tasty mixers on hand, because the kind of girls that drink liquor straight aren't the kind that you can outdrink.
5. "I am a member of The Koala Staff." Oh, wait; this only works if you are actually a member of The Koala Staff. So get your sorry ass to the next Koala meeting with some bomb-ass submissions and maybe you too could join our elite cadre of chick-magnet campus celebrities.

Separated At Birth?



Joseph Watson

Tyrranical Oppressor-man and Vice-Chancellor of Student Affairs



MC Hammer

Bankrupt Washed-Up Rapper

You Be The Judge!



The Koala's DORMITORY EMERGENCY PROCEDURES GUIDE

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING PREPARED

<i>Air Invasion:</i>	• Take 20 hits of good acid • Remain at window until danger has passed	<i>Nuclear Holocaust:</i>	• Worship nearest convenient religious idol • Drink Everything in sight • Smoke everything in sight • Fuck everything in sight
<i>Beer Drought:</i>	• Call 21-year-old “friends” • Failing this, attend Koala meeting • If no Koala meeting, proceed to nearest gas station and play “hey mister” until beer is obtained	<i>Plague:</i>	• Wipe off bong with shirt before each and every use • Hint: dead chicks are easy
<i>Earthquake:</i>	• Confirm that earthquake is genuine and not result of excessive Pabst consumption • Stand in door frame • Quickly mix Vodka Martini and watch in amazement as it shakes itself!	<i>RA Invasion:</i>	• Gather all alcoholic beverages in closet and lock door • Begin studying • Do not attempt to “score” with RA • After danger has passed, resume pounding shots of warm Popov

	• As soon as earthquake subsides, rush to nearest liquor store to take advantage of “dent and scratch” clearance sale
Fire:	• Stop drinking 151 • Lock door • Piss on door • Hide under desk • Chain smoke
Flood:	• Remain on second floor or higher • Rock out to "Slayer" • Mop up excess moisture with Guardians • Quickly fashion gravity bong and take hits off the floor of Canyon Vista
Food Poisoning:	• Get used to it
Locusts:	• Tuck pants into socks • Cover your beer
Midterms:	• Fuck Midterms

Res-Dean Invasion:

- Quickly conceal all unconscious, naked girls in roommate’s bed
- Feign sleep
- Always remember: “I don’t know WHOSE alcohol that is. I was at Bible Study all night, I swear to God!”

Weed Supplies Low:

- Call all available low-life drug dealers, starting with Koala Staff.
- If no answer, try that guy on the third floor of your dorm
- REMAIN CALM!!
- FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, REMAIN CALM, DAMMIT!!!!

Ugly Girls/Guys:

- Consult Jose Cuervo
- Repeat above as necessary
- Turn off lights
- Tell all your friends you don’t remember anything

Mind-Numbing, Soul-Crushing, All-pervading Boredom:

- Get used to it

REMEMBER: ONLY YOU CAN AVOID SOBRIETY

Behind The Magic

A Koala Ear-To-The-Street Exclusive



I grew up watching Today's interviewees on T.V. You probably did, too. Whether they were promoting good over evil, saving the day, or just plain kickin' back, their antics amused, delighted, and educated us. I'm pleased to announce that the Koala's Ear to the Street has recently gotten a chance to meet this Dynamic Duo known to the public as simply Bert & Ernie. Let's find out what makes them tick.

Koala: So, how are y'all doin' today?

Bert: Fine.

Ernie: I'm okay.

Koala: Whoa! One at a time, boys!

Bert: You're really weird.

Koala: So, let me get to the heart of things... There's a lot of rumors circulating that you two are... well... that you two are gay.

Ernie: Let me just say that that rumor is totally false. I've never had homosexual relations with anyone. I've never even been to camp!

Koala: Well, you've certainly set the record 'straight', so to speak.

Ernie: Bert's a queer, though.

Bert: To the break of dawn!

Koala: My, oh, my!

Ernie: Usually it's just Biff from construction, but he's recently been having Telly over, too.

Bert: Thank you, Ernie.

Ernie: Yep, whenever we're short on rent, I can always count on my ol' buddy Bert to trick up a few extra bucks.

Bert: Shut up, Ernie.

Koala: If I may move away from the topic of sex for a moment: Ernie, do you get a lot of play?

Ernie: Let me put it this way... It takes two puppeteers just to make me take a shit, and last Saturday, I had a whole crew of 'em working in my bedroom.

Koala: You took a shit in your bedroom?!

Ernie: No, I didn't take a shit in my bedroom! I

was, you know, teaching others how to share.

Koala: Sounds sultry. Any other scandals rocking this street?

Ernie: More than you'd ever believe.

Koala: I heard you two were involved in a bit of a scuffle a few days ago.

Ernie: Yeah, some dealer rolled up here.

Bert: Dealers are always checkin' out this street.

Ernie: You'd think cTw stood for 'crack-Tokin'-whores'.

Bert: I bought a twenty-sack off of him, and I swear to god he only sold me a nickel rock!

Ernie: Dealers are always trying to burn us. We have this reputation for being real nice.

Koala: What did you do about it?

Bert: We gave him a little lesson in counting, if you know what I mean.

Koala: To tell the truth, I have no idea what you mean.

Ernie: Neither do I.

Bert: Well, that makes three of us. Pass the paper bag and the spray can, Ernie.

Koala: Any shocking affairs you can tell our

readers about?

Ernie: Hmm.. I really shouldn't tell you... Let's just say it involves Luis from the fix-it shop and a certain blonde three-foot hussy who's got no legs.

Koala: Could you be talking about Betty Lou?

Ernie: You said it, not me.

Bert: Hey, could you put something in there about us pimp-slappin' them ho's?

Koala: Sure.

[Bert and Ernie pimp-slap several ho's]

Koala: Are there any stories you'd like to share about memorable moments on the set?

Ernie: Well, there was this one time... Me and Candace Bergen were singing the alphabet song. All of a sudden, Candace doubles over and pukes up like two quarts of 'Night Train.' Right before I was about to do my solo of four through ten.

Bert: Four through ten are numbers, Ernie. They're not part of the alphabet song.

Ernie: Do me a favor, Bert?

Bert: What is it, Ernie?

Ernie: Shut the fuck up, you're high. So anyways, I look down at her pile of puke and I see a big clump of dark blue fur right in the middle of it.

Koala: That's great. Would you like to tell any stories that don't involve sex scandals?

Bert: No. So this one time, I was chillin' at this bus stop, when who should come up and ask if he could suck my dick for coke? Bob Sagat, himself. Bible truth.

Koala: That never happened. You stole that from that movie, 'Half Baked!'

Bert: Oh, so I did. Anyway, I says to him, 'Okay Bob, but don't use no teeth this time, and-'

Ernie: Hey, sorry to interrupt, but I was wondering when I'm going to get that double scotch you promised me.

Koala: I never promised you that.

Ernie: My mistake. In conclusion, I'd like to say that Sesame Street is brought to you by the letters J and O, and the E is brought to us by a man who calls himself Mr. Q.

Koala: Are you done?

Bert: Oh, and one more thing. [Somebody] said they'd like to take [somebody's heart or something] and put it in a blender or something.

Ernie: You didn't write that down.

Koala: I'll remember it.

Bert: No, you won't!

Koala: Sure, I will.

Attention Freshmen:

The internet is a dangerous place.

This Public Service Announcement has been brought to you by your friends at *The Koala*, who remind you to use caution with your ethernet connection this year.

Don't think with your dick when you click.



A Moment Of Courage, A Moment Of Truth

By Assholius Maximus

Many have wondered why I have taken to writing under a pseudonym. My friends even ask me why I don't put my name on all the fine work I have submitted for publication in the Koala. The truth of the matter is that my friends don't even know my real name. For years I have been going by the name Clint. But I feel that as I am achieving self actualization and coming the conclusion of my identity crisis, it is time I came out the of the closet and revealed to the world that my true given name is not Clint. My true name is Clitoris. You might find this hard to believe being that you are reading this in the Koala. However, I want to take this opportunity to commend the fine individuals on the Koala staff for permitting me this opportunity to share the difficult truth about myself.

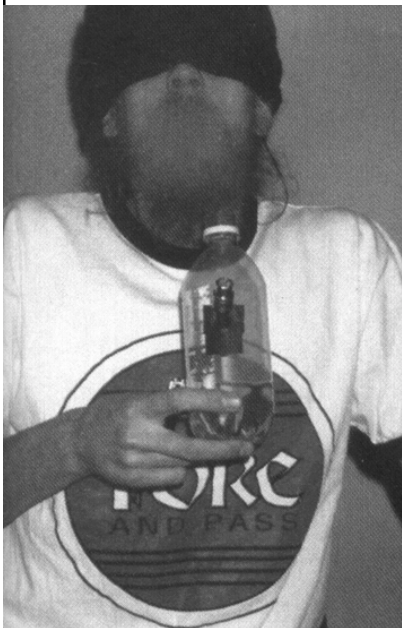
It is not easy to be named after a sexual organ. But let me tell you about a classmate I had last summer whose name was Penis. I do recall it was with difficulty that the instructor became accustomed to referring to her by her first name with a straight face. While there was snickering and jokes, Penis held her head high and was proud of the name her loving parents bestowed upon her. As the weeks passed, myself and Penis's other classmates began to see that Penis was an intelligent, outgoing and beautiful young woman. Before long the name Penis lost its stigma as a clinical term for male genitalia. The strength of Penis's character and the beauty of her personality was a shining example for those of us with unconventional names.

All during the time Penis and I attended lectures together I continued to lack the courage to live up to her example. To this day Penis still knows me as Clint. If you are reading this now, I want to thank you Penis for helping me to be the real me. From now on Penis,you can call me Clitoris.



Driving With Dustin Part 4: Gettin' Some Lovin'

Sponsored by anonymous, unprotected oral sex.



by the Humble Lord Skidmark

So now you may be thinking to yourself, "But Dustin, I mean Lord Skidmark, how can you possibly learn us anymore about driving? No mere mortal could possess more knowledge than you already do. What could you possibly have to show us this year?"

My answer: Bow before me, and prepare to learn. And while all you hotties are on your knees ... I got enough to go around. Here, in my fourth installment of "Driving with Dustin" I will attempt to show that even you, Mr. College Virgin or Ms. Not-Getting-Any, can get laid while being in a car.

Point #1: There is a reason why my first two cars where called "The Pimp-mobile" and "The Luv Ma-chine" (say it like Cheech). How can you not get play in a Mercedes or a van with a bed in the back? Cool cars = me love you long time. This rule applies even if you are Egyptian or Canadian. Yep, even my HILD 2A professor from Canadia might get some poon tang if he owned a car as righteous as George Clinton's. Metallic paint, all-gold Daytons, a fuzzy interior, a chain link steering wheel, a bumping system and fuzzy dice all mean love is on the way. And ladies, if your man has a car like that, give in to the power of the car, and suck the chrome off that hitch like there is no tomorrow.

Point #2: The Trunk. Make sure you have plenty of room for that CostCo mega-pack of Magnum Condoms. All of you new to getting it on will need to triple-bag it to keep from bustin' too soon. And if you are an old pro like my homie Butch and those of us at The Koala, then you will need a bunch of them just because you can get it on ALL night long. For you ladies out there, be sure to help out your man and pitch in every once in a while for the mega pack of jimmyhats. We all know that men like sex as much as you women, so act on it, and surprise your man with those cherry flavored raincoats. Both of you will appreciate it.

Hello all of you out there in UCSDland. Another year has started and with it brings many new young, wholesome, nubile freshman co-eds. Who am I kidding? Like there are any nubile freshman co-eds at UCSD. We all know what they say about the co-eds at UCSD: they all have passed enough AP classes to start college as sophomores. However, there aren't many of you who have taken AP Offroading or AP Drunk Driving. If you have taken those classes, fucking great. You might want to refresh your memory on those subjects by picking up the last few issues of The Koala and checking out my previous articles where I school all of ya'll punk-ass bitches about driving know-how.

Point #3: The Glove Box. A glove box big enough to house a few of those "I Ain't Tryin' to Hear That Shit, BITCH!" home pregnancy tests will be needed. You can never have too many of these around, trust me. All I hear anymore is, "Dustin, where is my child support money?" or "Nigga, you said you were getting paid yesterday!" or "Holy SHIT! You said it was big, but *damn!* I'm going to have to limber up before you pound that monstrosity into me. Pass me that cucumber, will ya hon?" I get tired of hearing that shit over and over again, so all you women out there should act as liberal as you talk and use the abortion money that I give you for its intended purpose. 'Nuf said.

Point #4: Music. Nothing says lovin' like Marvin Gaye, The Isley Brothers, or Barry White. And to make her think that you aren't into just sex, play some Lilith Faire stuff. Then stick it to her and park the beef bus in tuna town.

Point #5: Carry a Big Gun. And I mean a Glock, dumbass. When the Man rolls by and tries to break up your "ride", shoot him in the face. Unless the Man is the woMan, in which case invite her fine ass in and use your "weapons" for a little target practice of your own. Extra points if you get it in her eye. We all know how much chick cops love "polishing the steel," so use this to your advantage. Avoid the handcuffs, they chaff, and those nun-chucks ...ouch!

Point #6: Booze. The more the better. 'Nuf said. (Note: 1 gallon GatorAde + 1 gallon cheap vodka / rum / gin = BoozeAde = enough fun for an entire team of sloshball players, let alone you and your thang.)

Point #7: A big ass seat. You gotta have a large seat to even think about moving on to actual coitus. If you are happy getting head at the drive-in in your little 2-bucket-seat sports car while watching some sorry-ass chick flick like "How Stella Got Her Groove Back," then fine. But a bench seat is the only way to go, unless you have your posturepedic bed in the back of your van or truck.

Point #8: Location, location, location. Ideally, you should find a quiet, dark, and secluded place to bone down. Someplace like the A and B parking lots here at UCSD are very nice. They are never more than halfway full. Avoid the S lots, though. They are always completely full, and there are always those mindless people driving around hoping to find that last empty spot, as if one would appear miracuously. My personal spot is the Warren fields. I just drive up there and the next thing you know, I have her screaming "GOOOOAAAAALLLLLLL!"

So that brings us to the end of our lesson for today. I hope you have all learned something. Now, I know that most of this article has been focused on us guys, but I have this to say to all of you tasty white women out there. If your man is doing any of these things, you know what he is REALLY trying to tell you: "Bitch, stop fucking talkin' and suck my motherfuckin' dick right the fuck now! And when you are done, make me a motherfuckin' samich, YA HEARD?!"



Party Reviews

As reviewed by:

Armando the Homophobic Breakdancer
& Janice



Board @ UCSD

September 23rd, way the fuck out in Ocean Beach

The new school year officially began this Saturday as everyone who is anyone at UCSD congregated in Ocean Beach to smash more kegs than The World’s Strongest Man Competition. A bit on the crowded side, but I personally didn’t run into any problems acquiring enough beer to keep my whistle wet. The peoples were largely cheery to be returning from a long, hard summer, though an unfortunately small percentage came out in the “Blue Collar Baller/ Naughty School Girl” theme garb. Can’t have it all, I suppose. The women’s underwear and graffiti were a nice touch. All in all, an excellent showing for Board early this year. Keep it up.

☆☆☆☆

My House-Warming Party

September 9th, at my place

This party had some definite pluses and minuses. On the plus side was the ice-cold keg of Longboard brown, the bumpin’ quadraphonic stereo, the chillin’ room with the van seats and Kahlua in the bong water. On the minus side were those three dumbfuck burnout lifeguards trying to impress “dick-suckin’ college gurls” with their ability to drink warm Coors Lite while simultaneously suckling at one another’s deficient, limp penises. Also, Steve exploded beer all over himself and Khoa. That was pretty funny.

☆☆☆

Me, a Fifth of Southern Comfort, and an Eighth of Schwag

September 10th, alone on my couch watching network TV

I may not know much, but I know what I like: pork rinds, and lots of ‘em.

☆☆☆☆

Somebody’s Going-Away Party

September 8th, Mt. Soledad

This shin-dig took place at one of the coolest pads I’ve ever seen. Between the pool table, ocean-view deck and hard liquor, they had it all. Except a keg. The people were cool though, with the exception of a few ruffians who couldn’t hold their liquor. Fortunately, Bryce was kind enough to take a few moments out of his busy pool-playing schedule to counsel them outside on the dangers of binge-drinking.

☆☆☆

Official Koala Ratings Scale

☆

Worse than prison.

☆☆

The obvious question is: “Why?”

☆☆☆

We got drunk for free.

☆☆☆☆

Dead slammin’.

☆☆☆☆☆

I got laid.

Point/Counterpoint: Premarital Sex



Jesus Says: “No.”

By Jimmy Hatts - Warren RA

I’ll be honest with you: when I first came to UCSD, I was tempted by all of the nubile young females I saw scurrying about campus in their ass-pants and tight shirts. I thought it would be a good idea to attend parties where these sorts of girls hang out -- you know, the kind where alcohol is served. I thought it would make me happy if I were to get one of these busty, worldly girls to come back to my

dorm room to “put out,” as they say. But I soon learned that these people don’t really care about me; all they care about is being popular and acting cool -- which actually means not believing in Jesus!

You see, I learned all of this the hard way: I tried to go to one of these “parties.” I put on my finest Sunday attire, new wing tips, and slicked back my hair. Then I found a party flyer that a Fraternity brother had dropped on library walk. The name of the party was “Booty Parade 2000;” it sounded like there would be lots of easy ass at this party. However, it took me until 9 PM to ride the bus all the way out to University City, and I was worried that they would have started without me. However, there were only two guys inside. I said hello, but they didn’t seem very friendly, so I decided to go home, since I had to be at church the next morning and all. I hope you can learn something from my experience: it’s dangerous to “party” and Jesus wouldn’t approve. Now go study.



Oh Hell Yeah.

By Your Mom
- Koala
Groupie and
All-Round
Easy Piece of
Ass

I never really had much opportunity to decide that premarital sex was wrong.

When I was seven, Billy Potts from the other second grade class took my hoola-hoop and said he’d give it back if he could touch me. We banged three times under the slide before the class bell. I don’t regret it, and have since starred in numerous adult features, including: “Night of the Giving Head,” “Give Me Back My Hoola-Hoop,” and, most recently, “Anal Acrobats Go Apeshit for YOU: VI.”

It’s important that I learned a lot about myself having premarital sex. I was also paid quite well. For instance, would you believe that I could fit 3 guavas and a 5th Avenue bar in my naval? (Girls, forget what your mother told you after your first period; you ain’t had *nothing* until you’ve had naval sex.)

I would urge you not to pass up the unababshed opportunity for self-actualization that is wanton, unprotected, anonymous premarital sex. Imagine what my life would have been if I had waited until marriage to have sex: not only wouldn’t I have my thirteen wonderful children, I would still be a virgin.

--unpaid advertisement--

HEY FAT-ASS!

Tired of having to watch what you eat? Tired of maintaining a nicotine addiction to keep those unsightly pounds off? Tired of being the last kid chosen for dodge ball? Tired of the shock and humiliation of finding out that you're FAT? Enter the Tape Worm Diet Weight Loss System. TWD is a completely harmless* weight loss program designed to maintain your current consumption rate of carbohydrates, fats, proteins and raw shortening while magically banishing those unsightly rolls of blubber!

REAL TESTIMONIALS!!



BEFORE

Dear TWD,
I did it!!! I was always overweight and couldn't stop eating. I didn't notice that people thought I was fat and ugly until I found out from my close girlfriends that their boyfriends didn't make them wear bags over their heads during sex. I was so shocked and hurt! I never



AFTER

realized! Then I heard about your program and ordered your Taenia saginata model and within two days I had lost 96 pounds!!! Now, four months later, I don't have to promise sex to get a date, guys promise me sex!!!
Jenn F.
Oshkosh, WI

One simple consumption of our patented TaeniaEgg™ and you're on your way to certain popularity and pleasure! How does it work, you ask? Simple. Unlike other obsolete weight loss technologies which focus on controlling the upper half of the digestive system, our OneStep™ plan goes to the essential portion of the digestive track and limits the amount of fattening nutrients which cause you to gain unsightly weight. Take a look at our product line and find out which option works best for you:

--**Taenia taeniaformis** (comes in fetid rat meat) \$225.00/Egg
Up to 60 cm long, scolex armed with double row of 34 hooks.
Lose up to 3 pounds a week!!
Excellent for occasional binge eater!

--**Taenia solium** (comes in fetid pork): \$300.00/Egg
Up to 7 meters long, scolex armed with double row of hooks, eggs 31-43 μ in diameter, gravid uterus with 7-13 lateral branches on each side
Lose up to 7 pounds a week!
Great following pregnancies!
--**Taenia saginata** (comes in fetid beef): \$500.00/Egg
Up to 12 meters long, scolex unarmed, 1000-2000 segments! Eggs similar to T. solium, gravid uterus with 15-20 lateral branches on each side!!! BEST BUY!!! Lose up to 20 pounds a week! Tastes great on celery!



Legal disclaimer: TWD, Inc. assumes no responsibility for starvation or death as a result of massive weight loss or complications as a result of symptoms specified outside of definition of "harmless." In event of death, TWD gains post-mortem rights to reacquire parasite for resale by means of autopsy.

ORDER NOW: 1-900-TAPE-WORM

*"Harmless" does not include possible occurrence of side effects including, but not limited to: fever, headache, stomachache, white fleshy segments (proglottids) in underwear, and anal itch. Occasionally single proglottids or long chains of proglottids might crawl out of the anus. Please suspend your social life should last side effects occur.



Rush KOALA

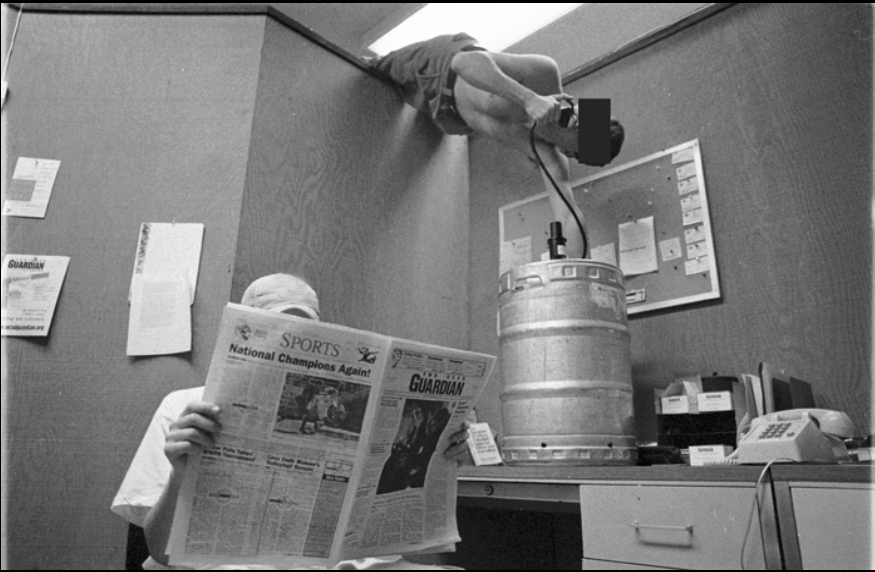
We did!



Britney Spears
Teen Pop Sensation & Notorious Cock-Tease



Pope John Paul II
Vicar of Christ & Notorious Cock-Tease



Jimmy Carter & Ronald Reagan
Presidents of The United States of America & Fearless Leaders of the "Free" World

Meetings:
Every Friday at 4:30 PM
At The Koala Office
Above Soft-and-Weak Reserves
In Ye Olde Studente Centre

We are looking for:
• Writers
• Artists
• Advertising solicitors
• Web monkeys

Bring example work if you expect to be taken seriously. And, no, we DON'T PAY ANYONE.
See you at the meeting.

PERSONALS

We did not write these personals. An anonymous contributor found them inside the complex network of tunnels that underlies UCSD. They were left there by their original authors: busty co-ed chicks out cruising for some action. If you're interested in scoring some action with busty co-ed chicks, go in the tunnels and look for them. That's where they hang out. Also, you should know that going in the tunnels is a very serious offense punishable by probation, community service, a good hard old-fashioned spanking, and worse. Don't do the crime if you can't do the time. Oh, and don't sue us.

Men Seeking Women

To that backstabbing bulimic fat bitch Janet: give up trying to get a man at the med school library. med-students would rather date the corpses they dissect than to date you, and so would I. Eat shit, yak it up and die you backstabbing slut! your friend, Ross

TO: All semi-hot Asian chicks
FROM: A source
Wiser than Thou
This message is for those young ladies who, perhaps due to their being raised in a family unfamiliar with American customs, are unclear on a rather important fashion tip. When you think you are dressing like a beautiful young lady, you are actually dressing up like a hooker. Let me reiterate. You look like prostitutes, whores. This is especially sickening when few of you weigh in at over 100 pounds and you look like you came from a country having a famine. Hint: Slim = sexy, Skeletal = gross. I don't mean this as an insult, just a tip for those of you who might be ignorant.

To that fine ass asian girl I keep seeing at Sierra summit, You must be Jamaican, because Jamaican me crazy.
-your secret admirer (testing out these pick up lines, they working?)

To the beautiful girl from summer bridge that stole my heart, I love you in

uncountable ways,from the bottom of my heart to the depths of my soul.I cherish you in unthinkable ways,from the rising of the sun to its going down.I admire you with the freedom of my

Men Seeking Men

To that bitch-ass surfer fuck at OVT who got the last of the curly fries:
You're gonna get yours.
Love,
El Tigre

weren't made of plastic. I understand your problem, though. Only UCSD guys are so desperate they'd pay for a lap dance from you but, of course, UCSD guys are broke. So, TJ it is. See you Thursday

afternoon, in the Oasis Club.

Women Seeking Men

To the hot guy who's at RIMAC every morning around 9:30. Yeah -- you on the crossovers. I want a piece of your ass. Let's make bacon baby! -sexy blonde on the stairmaster
ps: are you an Aber model?

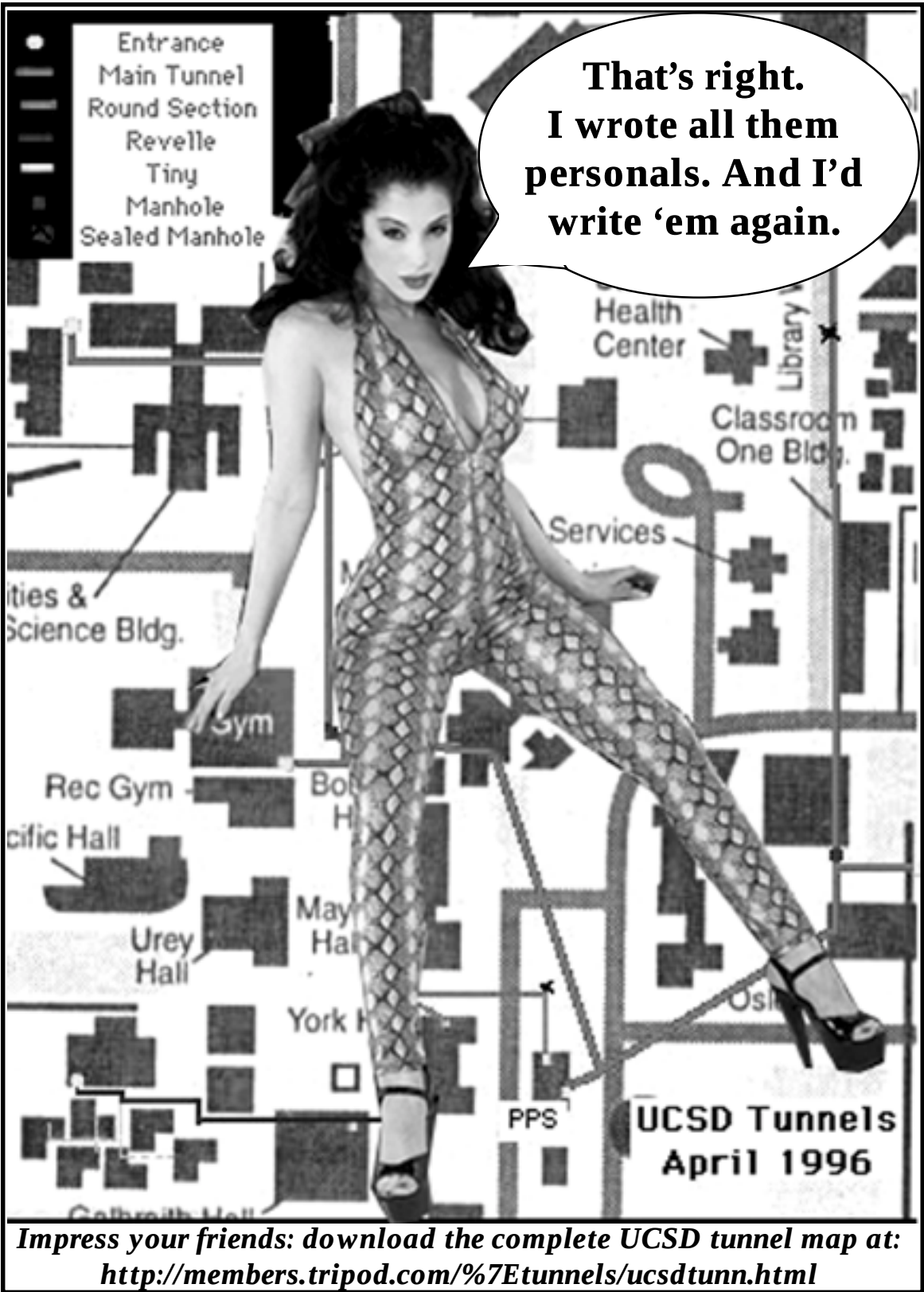
Rhett -
I see you in the weight room almost every morning and you never notice me. I want your bod.
- T

Rhett B,
I'll be your Scarlet O'Hara any night of the week. Let's make it happen.
-wet and ready

Shared Interests

what does it mean if my poo is all green? i'm not a vegetarian or anything

Hey you smug bastards!
Submit YOUR personals ONLINE at www.thekoala.org
And they better be good, too! I'm sick of all this "Hey, back that ass up, hot stuff" shit. Be creative!!
Now get to it!



Impress your friends: download the complete UCSD tunnel map at:
<http://members.tripod.com/%7Etunnels/ucsdunn.html>

heart,with joy and pride and all that's within me.

To my girlfriend's roommate:
If you don't get the hell out next time, YOU'RE gonna be the one who's makin all those squealing noises you keep complaining about.

Jimmy:
Get this straight once and for all:
MY SOCKS AREN'T SPOOGE SPONGES!!
-Icepick.

Women Seeking Women

Hey Jenni-slut, Maybe you'd get more action if your tits

Hey kids! Write your own personal!

The Fuck You Personal

Dear _____,
What the _____ is up with your _____?!
You make me want to _____ your _____ until I _____ all over you. Go _____!

your name

The Fuck Me Personal

Dear _____,
What the _____ is up with your _____?!
You make me want to _____ your _____ until I _____ all over you. Let's _____!

your name